

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madhedded ape, a weazell hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile knowe your busines Harry, that I will: I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be wearie, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse: What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Well, do not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But hearken you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whither I go: nor reason, where about: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate: I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I well beleue, Thou wilt not viter, what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Henry the*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but Whither I go, thither shall you To day will I set forth, to morrow Will this content you Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Enter Prince*

*Prince.* Ned, preshee come o thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poines.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prince.* With three or foure foure score hog's-heads. I haue humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne but can call them all by their christen Francis: they take it already vpon be but prince of Wales, yet I am flatterly I am no prowde lacke, lad of mettall, a good boy (by when I am King of England, I shal in Eastcheape. They call drinking you breathe in your watering, th off. To conclude, I am so good an houre, that I can drinke with guage, during my life. I tell thee now that thou wert not with me to sweeten which name of Ned, I gar, clapt euen now into my hand neuer spake other English in his l pence, and you are welcome, with firskore a pinte of bastard in the drine away the time till Falstaffe c in some by-roome, while I quest end he gaue me the sugar, and doe ces, that his tale to me may be not and ile shew thee a present.

*Poines.* Frances.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Prince.* Frances.

*Frances.* Anone anone sir, look